

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 373

Scarlett's POV After I returned to Garden Street, I tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep. My mind was filled with an overwhelming amount of thoughts, making me feel like my brain was about to explode like a balloon at any moment

Getting out of the bed, I went to pour myself a glass of whiskey and gulped it down. As the liquid went down my throat, I felt a tingling sensation. Soon, I began to feel a little dizzy. The drunkenness made me eager to talk to others. So I subconsciously took out my phone and called my friends. First, I called David, then Spencer, and then Vivian. "Vivian, you know what? Charles is back. He is back! And it feels like a dream," I murmured.

"Scarlett, isn't that good news? Why do you sound so unhappy?"

My heart was filled with a painful bitterness as I stroked the empty glass in my hand. "I am not *unhappy*. I am just a little excited."

When I had seen Charles standing before me, unharmed, I felt an emotion that could not be described at all. I had felt as though my soul was redeemed at that moment. However, God pranked me again, and Charles had forgotten me and our past together. He had chosen to forget all the love and hatred between us, but he still remembered Rita. He even remembered his promise to marry her. What an irony! I had really wanted to leave him, and I had kept telling myself that I truly loathed him. But the moment I found out that he had completely forgotten about our time together, my heart ached. I tried my best to hold back my tears and said goodbye to Vivian in a calm tone, "It's getting late, so I'd better leave you in peace. Let's talk tomorrow." I then called Nina.

"Scarlett, are you okay? I heard that Charles is back. Is it true? Is he really alive?" I could see that Nina was very excited. I thought for a while and decided not to tell her that Charles had lost his memory. Considering her short temper, she might really storm into the Moore mansion and beat him up for forgetting me. "Yes, he's back."

"I knew that Charles won't die that easily." After briefly explaining the situation to her, I hung up. Feeling uncomfortable, I massaged my forehead. My visions were a little hazy when I suddenly saw Charles walk in. Was I seeing things again?.

"Scarlett, I have something to talk to you about. I'm going to take a shower, so you wait here for me, okay?"

Hearing his deep voice echoing in my ears, I sat still.

Thirty minutes later, Charles walked out of the bathroom and sat down from across me.

"Scarlett, don't you have anything to say to me?" His deep gaze made it clear that there was a storm brewing in his heart.

"What do you want me to say?" I asked.

Charles looked at me sullenly for a moment before he stood up and poured himself a glass of wine. Shaking the ruby liquid in the glass gently, he asked, "Don't you want to talk to me about what happened between us in the past six years? Like... The kids, for example?" He got to the key point.

Charles must have come to me after seeing the kids in the Moore mansion. Even if he forgot everything that happened in the past six years, he could not make the only thing that held us together, our kids, disappear. Lowering my head, the vivid past flashed in my mind, and I did not know where to start. A lot had happened, and I had felt loved and heartbroken, so whenever I thought of it, I felt devastated. I had prayed that I would be happy as long as Charles came back home safely. Although he had returned safely now, he did not remember our relationship at all. He *only remembered* Rita. After everything that we had been through, we were back on square one now. Even if I told him the truth, what difference did it make? What was I to him now?

I grabbed the wine from his hand and drank it up. Looking at him with tears in my eyes, I asked, "Charles, how

much of our past together do you remember?" Now, he fell silent. Seeing that, I couldn't help but sneer, "Charles, what do you want to hear? Do you want me to say that we were in love for the past six years, and that we had three sons together? Or, do you want me to tell you that everything is a misunderstanding, and I conspired with some people to force you to stay by my side? Or would you like me to tell you that the kids are not yours so that you can go back to Rita without feeling any guilt?" • As my emotions burst out of my heart, I covered my face with my hands, tears rolling down them.

"Charles, what on earth do you want?" My heart was hurting so bad that I wondered if it would be less painful if I just dug it out of my body. I picked up the glass again and poured myself another glass of wine. However, before I could drink it, my stomach began to churn and I was feeling extremely nauseous. The moment I stood up, my mind went blank, and I fell back, unconscious. When I finally woke up, I saw the familiar white hospital walls surrounding me. A doctor was standing by the bed with a serious look in his eyes as he leaned over to check up on me.

s and bad news *for you.*" The doctor paused for a moment before he continued, "The good news is that you are three months pregnant."

I was pregnant again?

I touched *my* belly subconsciously, but before I could feel the joy, the doctor's words shocked me.

"The bad news is that you are in poor health, so the fetus has not developed well at all. I am afraid that it might not be safe *for you* to keep the baby." His *words* felt like a blow to *my* head, making my mind go blank instantly. "How could that be possible? Why can't I keep this baby?" I asked in confusion, trembling. "I'm sorry, *ma'am.*" The doctor shook his head regretfully, "Have you told my husband about it?" "Not yet. *Would you like me to tell him?*" "No. I will tell him *myself.*"

After the doctor left, I lay on the bed, unwilling to move my hands away from my belly. A baby... I was pregnant with another baby. *However,* I would not be able to give birth to it. Tears fell from the corners of my eyes. Why was God punishing me? That moment, Charles walked into the ward. I wondered if I should tell him that I was pregnant. "Charles..."

When I was about to say something, a woman entered the ward, and stood beside him with a bright smile. I was looking at the woman I despised from the bottom of my heart, Rita.

She was still alive.

hele. JJ Pleylalily and liscarriage Charles was also a little surprised. "Rita? What are you doing here?" • "Charles, I've been looking for you for a long time now." Saying that, she threw herself into Charles' arms. I struggled to get up, but I was shocked to see that he was not stopping her. He looked at her tenderly. Rita leaned closer, trying to kiss him on the cheek. My heart stopped beating for a second, and I could only feel coldness everywhere.

Charles glanced at me for a second before Rita grabbed his arm and walked out of the ward with him. The coldness penetrated my skin and seeped into my soul, making me tremble. How did Rita survive? And why did she come there now? I was not in the mood to think about it now, but I knew something very well.

Whether it was in the past or present, Charles would always choose Rita over me. All of a sudden, I felt something leaking from my body and sat up in panic. 'My baby...' I fell unconscious again.

